

HEARTY PICTURES.
Her hair is the gold brown of chestnuts.
Her eyes blue as the heavenly zone.
Her skin as the snow of the tully.
When roses blush over her cheek.
Her lips shine the heart of carnation.
Her voice is the sweetest of music.
And smiles lie on her face
Of the woman I love.

There is less of gold than in her tress.
A few threads of silver more through.
The crimson of lips not so vivid.
And lighter the eyes in her blue.
Her movements more stately and grander.
Though losing no whit of her grace.
And the smile is more patient and tender
That shines on the matronly face
Of the woman I love.

Faded out all the brown and the sunshine.
Dashed silver the curls of her hair.
In her eyes less of earth, more of heaven.
Less stained are the cheeks with life's wine.
The soft not so lily in whiteness.
Paler now the waves of their roll.
But the voice still remains all its sweetness.
And the face is illumined by the soul
Of the woman I love.

Earth, keep her to thyself and to brighten.
Death, send not thy stars to dim down.
An heaven, linger long in the weaving
Of gold and silver of pearl and crown.
There are angels of glory clothed in glory.
Few given life's errors to atone;
And the tenderness, purity, beauty,
Are perfected and hallowed by age
In the woman I love.

—William E. Bushnell in New York Mercury.

CINDERELLA IN EGYPT.

We may find sermons in stones, but who would look for fairy tales in a sand heap?

Nevertheless, in the last tomb of the last king of the twenty-sixth dynasty, lies buried the original story of Cinderella and her slipper.

There is indeed, only one variation of any consequence between the two versions, and the ancient one is certainly the more romantic. Cinderella's princely admirer finds in her lost shoe a clue to his vanished enchantress. King Psammetichus falls over head and ears in love with the unknown woman from only seeing her sandal.

The ancient Cinderella was a beautiful Greek; Psammetichus calls her Doricha, and that was most likely her proper name, but the Greek people, with whom fairness of skin was one of the highest qualities of female beauty, named her, from the loveliness of her complexion, Rhodopis, Rosy Cheeks, and as Rosy Cheeks she is known in history.

She is mentioned by several writers, but the slipper story rests on the authority of Juvenal. He relates it as having occurred to Psammetichus.

There were three kings of the name, and he probably meant the third (Psammetich III) of the Scythians, the last of the dynasty of the Saites, who was conquered and deposed by Cambyses the Persian.

Rhodopis was originally a slave and a fellow bondswoman of Juvenal, the writer of fables, in the house of Indamon of Samos; and, like the heroine of the modern tale, a menial and a drudge, so the parallel holds good from the beginning. Like Cinderella, too, she had a fairy godmother, but a more powerful and lavish one, and her name was Aphrodite.

This patroness procured her liberty and helped upon her richness; and Rhodopis, to make her name immortal by an offering such as had never been made before, dedicated with a tenth part of her property a quantity of iron spits in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, and this extraordinary gift was still to be seen there in Herodotus' time.

Some also say that she built one of the Pyramids of Egypt; but as Herodotus remarks, these who say so evidently know nothing about it; and however this may be, if Rhodopis was not so simple as our own Cinderella, she was, at all events, more lucky; and if her coachman, and horses, and chariots were really rats, and mice, and pumpkins, they never resumed their proper shape, and no disenchanting clock sent her hurrying back to her scullery, one shoe off and one shoe on. Mid-night never struck for her, and she lost her shoe in quite another way.

At the time I speak of she was said to be the most beautiful woman in Egypt, and she lived at Naukratis, a port on the Canopic branch of the Nile, founded in the preceding reign by colonists from Miletus; and though a born Greek, living in a Greek city, she pleased her now and then to play the Egyptian, and to adopt the manners and fashions of her new country. And so it came about that one morning, before the sun was yet high, she went down, just as did Pharaoh's daughter, with her maidens to bathe in the Nile.

At a short distance from the bank she left her litter, and sought a secluded creek, where, screened in by the feathering papyrus, she would be undisturbed and unseen from the busy river, and there her girls unmade her toilet. Now the banks of the father of rivers are hard in places—a mixture of sand and clay baked by the scorching sun, and rough and delicate feet. So Rhodopis did not quit her sandals until the moment when she stepped down into the still, cool water, herself as white and rosy as the lotuses around her.

There, half wading and half swimming, she played and frolicked, happy in the pure joy of living, like a gay butterfly that flutters about the rushes. She gathered handfuls of lotuses, and threw them away again; and then, in a lazy fit, she floated on her back, and gave herself up to thoughts on things in general, and on herself in particular. But to return to her sandals, which she had kicked off on the river's brink. They lay as she had left them, a pair of dainty shoes fit for such dainty feet. They were embroidered in gold and brilliant colors with a quaint pattern, and with the ever present lotus, and most curious of all, the upper surface of the sole, on which her foot rested, bore the figure of a cat, with bound arms, on a sandal—Egyptian, on the other a Greek—a fanciful way of suggesting the dominion of their owner over the hearts of two nations.

Now it chanced that just above, sailing round in his vast rick, a mere speck in the dancing blue sky, was an eagle, and as the sandals glittered by the water's edge they caught his eye. Now, whether he thought they were good to eat or whether he was a bird of cultivated taste, I know not, but straightaway he swooped and seized one.

Rhodopis, roused from her reverie by the rush of wings, caught sight of the great bird as it flew off, and, frightened, set to screaming and then ducked. By the time she had recovered herself and taken in what had happened the eagle and her sandal were in the next parish.

Of course, directly it was all over, her girls, who had been busy telling her every secret, began in their alarm to hide everything away in a place of safety, as if they expected a whole phalanx of

eagles were coming to carry off their mistress's clothes. And no doubt they had some reason for their concern, for ancient ladies had a variety of amiable little ways of producing sympathy in their slaves when things went wrong; and Rhodopis, sweet as she was to look at, was like the rest. But after all it was not a very serious matter, for Rosy Cheeks had cupboards full of sandals at home, and besides, her litter was only round the corner, so, after her first astonishment and fright were over, she thought little more about it. Now, this event was a reality, the turning point of her life, for what did this mysterious bird do but fly straight away with his prey over the Delta, far up the long river to Memphis, and there, as if his mission ended, he dropped the sandal before the judgment seat of King Psammetichus.

The king was sitting in the open air, close to the city gate, dispensing justice to his subjects. The sun was hot, and the imaginations of plaintiff and defendant equally inventive and inexhaustible, so Psammetichus was bored, his thoughts wandered far away and he fell to building castles in the air. Now, no Oriental could ever build a castle in the air, or otherwise, without giving it a mistress; so he pleased himself by imagining for his fabled palace an ideal beauty. He pictured her with the eyes of the gazelle, the voice of the nightingale, the lissness of the panther, the tread of a goddess; and as his thoughts dwelt still on the dainty toes that hardly pressed the ground they rested on, the sandal fell from heaven plump at his royal feet. Astonished out of all dignity, he jumped up, started up into the sky and down at the slipper, and then stooped and picked it up, for no one dared to touch it. Was it a goddess' No! It was a lovely little shoe, but certainly an earthly one, with the print of five little toes distinctly marked on it—the very little toes he had just been dreaming of. Then of a sudden it became plain to him. It was an answer from the gods to the wishes he had just been indulging in—he had planned a castle, here was a mistress for it. "Let search be made," cried he, "for her who owns this sandal, and by these signs shall you know her: Whosoever the shoe fits, and who has the fellow sandal, and who can explain the symbol on the sole, she is the right owner. Bring her to me, that I may make her my queen." To hear was to obey, and the messenger started on his search. Many days he traveled down the Nile, making proclamation of the will of Psammetichus as he went, bearing the sandal on a cushion. And wherever he came through the whole land of Egypt there was a running out of cupboards and a hunting up of left off shoes, in case by chance there might be found among them a match for the wonderful sandal; but none came to light, and the maidens were left forlorn.

At last he came to Naukratis, and when the proclamation reached the ears of Rhodopis she remembered the rape of her sandal, and knew herself the one sought for by the king. The ambassador was admitted to her presence, and then at last she showed the shoe. And here, cried Rhodopis, sit the fellow shoe, and this is why I wear these symbols on the soles—as Greece is captive to my beauty, so shall Egypt be, and Egypt's master." And then she went with him to Memphis, and when the king, whose heart was sick with waiting, saw her, he succumbed at once to the charm of her loveliness; he did as he had promised and made her his queen. And the rosy cheeked Greek slave sat beside Psammetichus on the throne of Pharaoh—Harper's Bazar.

A Waste of Money.
One form of advertising that always seemed to me to be a waste of money is the scattering of doggers broadcast. I have noticed lately that it is coming into quite extensive practice again. At one time tons of doggers were thrown out every week in this city. The pavements of the business streets would be snowed under with them. After a while the rage for this form of advertising died away. It never quite ceased, but lately began to recover its past popularity. I have watched, with some curiosity, the manner in which the public receive doggers thrust upon them in the street, and it appears to me that they hardly glance at them. Only one person in a hundred puts one in his pocket. As a rule they are crumpled up and thrown away, or more frequently dropped even without the trouble of crumpling up.

Yet advertisers will have these affairs printed by the hundreds of thousands, on the theory that they are cheaper than a space in the newspapers. They may cost less money, but as an advertisement must be judged by its returns, not by its cost, they are to me the most expensive and least effective method of getting your goods before the public that human ingenuity has devised—to judge from the big bundles of this sort of printed matter one sees at the old paper places; moreover, the dogger distributors are not all faithful in the performance of their tasks; so that even the comparatively little service the dogger might perform is rendered less by the dishonesty of the agents employed to put them out.—Trumble in New York News.

A Breakfast in China.
A young American lady, writing from Shanghai, China, says: "What wouldn't I give for a good American breakfast of steak, hot rolls, coffee, etc. Breakfast in this part of the world is altogether a different affair. First they bring you eggs of some sort and sherry. Then follow three courses, such as pigs' feet, frogs' legs smothered in sauce and served with claret; then coffee. When the sight of these things has taken away your appetite, there appears a tiny little chop in a huge paper frill, looking, oh, so sad and lonely you could weep for it. Then come queer cheeses of different kinds, cakes and sweet crackers, fruit and cognac, and a tiny cup of tea to finish with. They have only one way to cook potatoes here—that is, to boil them—and hot muffins, fresh toast and broiled steak are unknown.—Chicago News.

Indians Still in Heathenism.
Out of 40,000 Sioux Indians there are 35,000 still in heathenism. There are sixty-six tribes on the western prairies for whom nothing is yet done. There are 40,000 Indians of school age; but when every school is packed to its utmost only 12,000 can be accommodated. This includes government schools, Roman Catholic schools and all; so that those under mission teachers would be far less than 12,000.—Public Opinion.

Mosquitoes in Mexico.
The town of Apam, Mexico, has recently been invaded by mosquitoes. A local paper in making this announcement says that these pests were imported from Vera Cruz in a cargo of fruit. There were no mosquitoes in Mexico until 1855, but since then they have swarmed in almost every part of the country, even during the coldest months.—Chicago News.

The Old Man Ahead.
"So, Mr. Sampson—George, dear," said the girl. "I can never, never be your wife, but I will always be a—"

"Ah, darling," interposed young Mr. Sampson, and his heart was throbbing the buttons off his new silk vest, "why do you address me in such an endearing term if it can never, never be?"

"Because, George, dear," and again the name fell from her lips like music in the night. "I'm to be a mother to you in the spring. Your father—"

But the son-in-law had fled.—New York Sun.



Good News.

"Tom, have you heard the news?"
"No, what is it?"
"The schoolmaster is dead!"
"Bully! Now I can wear thinner pants!"—Life.

A Keeper of the Truth.
A man, dressed in greasy overalls, went into a newspaper office and asked to see the editor. When asked if this editor or some other man on the force would not do as well, he replied that he had come on a very important business, and must see the editor-in-chief. When at last his persistence had forced an entrance into the room where great policies were outlined the editor said:

"You were determined to see me; now, as quickly as possible, state your business."

"All right, sir. I like your paper, and I want you to have a chance of saying something that will startle the country. For some time I have been engineer at Grayson's mill."

"Well, but what have I to do with that?"

"Just hold on a minute. This morning the boiler exploded!"

"Go to the city editor if you want to hand in a piece of news."

"I thought that I would give you a chance to write a startling editorial."

"Editorial the deuce! We have such accidents nearly every day."

"No, you don't. Just give me a chance to get done, and you will thank me. No one was killed when this boiler exploded."

"That's nothing strange."

"And," continued the visitor, "no one would have been hurt had the boiler exploded five minutes before it did."

A strange expression settled upon the editor's face. "Will you please repeat that?" he asked.

"I say that no one would have been hurt had the explosion occurred five minutes before it did. All other explosions that I ever heard of would have been five times as disastrous if they had occurred a short time before, for a party of young ladies or a committee of gentlemen, or some important personage had, of course, just left the mill when the explosion occurred."

The editor's eyes had grown wonderfully bright. "My dear friend," said he, "dear because you have chosen me to be the original recipient of this great piece of intelligence, lead on, and I will follow you. A man with such a glorious appreciation of the truth is a rare jewel. Come, sit down beside me, that I may feel your presence as I write. Stay by me, gentle keeper of the truth, for my mind is stirred up, and I am about to muse"—Arkansas Traveler.

Boom Talk.

Winter Visitor in Lower California (holding on to a tree and dodging fragments of bars and other personal property whizzing past)—You hear me hurricanize or cycloneize, I understand. Is this the regular thing in the spheroid?

Resident (clinging with desperate energy to a grapevine)—The milderness of our climate, combined with the unsurpassed fertility of soil and the amazing abundance of our luscious tropical fruit, our entire freedom from destructive storms and the unexampled cheapness of our lands—look out for that flying horse trough!—the success that any man with a few hundred dollars can attain in vineyard planting, hop raising or—hold on, can't you? Don't be in a hurry! With three acres of land here and a cow—(regretfully)—there he goes, sixty miles an hour, toward Santa Barbara! If he had stuck on two minutes longer I could have convinced him, blast his prejudiced hide!—Chicago Tribune.

Fit for the Gods.

Young Man (to waiter)—Waiter, I want some roast turkey. Give me the outside edge of the breast, a nice, large piece of the liver, and, as I am hungry, you might bring me both second joints.

Waiter—Yes, sir; anything else?

Young Man (contemptively)—Yes, there is something more I intended to order. Let me see—

Waiter—I guess it must be the earth. How'll you have it cooked?—New York Sun.

Solid Meals for an Ostrich.

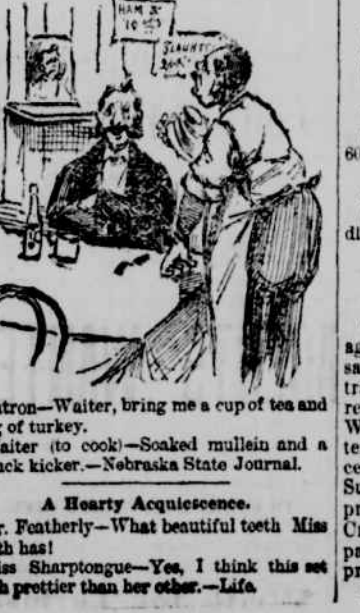
Al—Give me \$5 worth of assorted hardware.

Ed—What do you want?

Al—That's all right; my wife has a pet ostrich. The bird must eat—Tid Bits.

Culture at the Museum.

Mrs. N.—My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo; and this (pointing to Psyche) is his wife, Apollinaris.—Life.



How It's Done.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE

Reported by C. W. Branch & Co., bankers and brokers, No. 1111 Main street.

New York Stock Market.

REVIEW.

NEW YORK, January 24, 1888.—Today's market up till noon was very dull and had only one or two features. A sale of \$500 shares of St. Paul by a prominent trader to another professional furnished the main gossip—some said that it was shifting of the account from one office to another. If it was a regular sale of this amount, it would seem as if it should have strengthened the price of the stock more than it did. Missouri Pacific was a little better, due mainly to traders covering, and this was the case with the rest of the Gould group, although it was said there were further indications of inside selling of Manhattan. The brokers in Reading report nothing but trading for a scalp. Should a compromise occur they believe the price would break rapidly. Even if the miners weaken, President Corbin's showing in the circular would likely go off as the street believes it's too high for a non-dividend earner. To-day's news is that the strikers secured aid of the Constitutional Defense Association, who have appealed to the attorney-general at Harrisburg, and he will hear them Thursday against the Reading for violation of the Constitution. In the present political situation in Pennsylvania the labor vote will probably be catered to by the politicians and this may force some action by the State to compel the Reading to compromise or submit matters to arbitration. Washington dispatches hint at Congressional action on Union Pacific, Central Pacific, and their connections to force payment to the Government before interest on bonds or dividends on stock can be paid.

Market closed fairly steady at the advances. Bonds show better inquiries except for the Gould issues. Sterling exchange 4.86@5.75. Money very easy, 2 1/2 @ 3.

STATE SECURITIES.

	Bid.	Asked.
North Carolina 5's, c. 1910	95	122 1/2
North Carolina 5's, c. 1910	120	120
Virginia 6's, c. 1910	120	120
Virginia 6's, c. 1910	120	120
Virginia 3-4's 10-40's, 1910	36	36
Virginia 3's, new, 1910	65	65
Virginia consol coupons, old	65	65
Virginia consol coupons July, '88, January, '89	32	32
Virginia consol coupons after Jan. '88	32	32
Virginia 19-40 coupons, old	27 1/2	27 1/2

CITY BONDS.

Richmond 5's, 1890-1900	125 1/2	137
Richmond 6's, 1890-1914	116	117 1/2
Richmond 5's, 1914-1919	100	100
Richmond 4's, 1910	95	99

RAILROAD BONDS.

A. & C. Air-Line	80	85
Ch. Col. & Aug.	23	30
Canada Southern	73 1/2	78
Del., Lack. and Western	129 1/2	129 1/2
Erie	27 1/2	27 1/2
E. Tenn. & N. W.	59	60 1/2
Gen. Central	49	49
Lake Shore	92 1/2	92 1/2
Louisville and Nashville	60 1/2	61
M. & K. T.	14 1/2	17
New York and New England	30 1/2	30 1/2
Northwestern	108 1/2	108 1/2
Norfolk Pacific	43 1/2	44 1/2
Petersburg	54 1/2	57 1/2
Pacific Mail	34 1/2	34 1/2
Reading	64 1/2	64 1/2
R. & P.	169	114
Richmond Terminal	22 1/2	22 1/2
R. F. & P. div. obligation	111	111 1/2
St. Paul	73 1/2	74
Union Pacific	55 1/2	55 1/2
Western Union Tel.	74 1/2	77 1/2

RAILROAD BONDS.

V. M. 5's	70	70
C. & O. 5's	69	71
C. & O. 4's	68	69
C. & O. 3's	24	27
R. & A. 1st	50	50 1/2
R. & A. 2d	100	100
R. & D. Deb. ex	80	80
R. T. 5's	89	89 1/2
East Tenn. 5's	98	98 1/2
Georgia Pacific, 1st	107	108
Georgia Pacific, 2d	47 1/2	48
I. B. & W. incs.	20	20
V. B. gen 16's	34	37

Bank Stocks.

Citizens Savings	204	204
City	130	135
First National	130	135
Merchants National Bank	102	102 1/2
Merchants & Planters Savings	102	102 1/2
National Bank of Virginia	102	102 1/2
Planters National	102	102 1/2
Petersburg Savings & Ins. Co.	102	102 1/2
State Bank of Virginia	102	102 1/2
Union Bank of Richmond	102	102 1/2

Insurance Companies.

Virginia Fire and Marine	102	102 1/2
Consolidating	102	102 1/2
Virginia State	102	102 1/2

Chicago Grain and Produce Market.

Reported by C. E. Redford & Co., Grain Commission Merchants, No. 6 South Twelfth street.

	Wheat.	High.	Low.	Closing.
February	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
March	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2
May	82 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2

Corn.

February	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2
March	48 1/2	48 1/2	48 1/2	48 1/2
May	52 1/2	52 1/2	52 1/2	52 1/2

Oats.

May	33 1/2	32 1/2	32 1/2	32 1/2
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Pork.

May	14.35	14.22	14.27	14.27
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Lard.

February	7.37	7.32	7.32	7.32
March	7.40	7.40	7.40	7.40
May	7.55	7.52-55	7.52-55	7.52-55

Short Ribs.

February	7.40	7.40	7.40	7.40
March	7.52	7.47	7.47	7.47
May	7.72	7.65	7.65	7.65

Estimated receipts of hogs, 15,000.

Grain and Cotton Exchange.

Reported by C. E. Redford & Co., Grain Commission Merchants, No. 6 South Twelfth street.

	Wheat.	High.	Low.	Closing.
February	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
March	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2
May	82 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2

Corn.

February	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2
March	48 1/2	48 1/2	48 1/2	48 1/2
May	52 1/2	52 1/2	52 1/2	52 1/2

Oats.

May	33 1/2	32 1/2	32 1/2	32 1/2
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Pork.

May	14.35	14.22	14.27	14.27
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Lard.

February	7.37	7.32	7.32	7.32
March	7.40	7.40	7.40	7.40
May	7.55	7.52-55	7.52-55	7.52-55

Short Ribs.

February	7.40	7.40	7.40	7.40
March	7.52	7.47	7.47	7.47
May	7.72	7.65	7.65	7.65

Estimated receipts of hogs, 15,000.

Tobacco Market.

Reported by C. E. Redford & Co., Grain Commission Merchants, No. 6 South Twelfth street.

On 'Change our market to-day was again quite active. We noticed no large sales of special lots, but there was some trading on good sales. New upland and West Virginia wrappers sold well. Cutters at 30 to 33 cents and wrappers at 52 cents were highest auction sales to-day. Sun-cured old was active and very stiff in prices. Loose sales were large at the Crenshaw's warehouse, with 144 cents paid for best dark leaf sold. Average prices were fully up to last week's sales. Mr. L. Borchers, the Austrian buyer,

who has been some time absent in Europe, arrived at home to-day. Mr. E. K. Vieton, a prominent buyer, is also expected home this week from Germany. The death of Mr. John W. Lewis, Jr., a young man very highly esteemed by the trade, has caused unfeigned and universal sadness through the trade. This trusted and highly esteemed assistant of Messrs. Charles Watkins & Co., after a short illness, died in this city at 10 o'clock this morning, and a very wide circle of friends mourn their loss in this city and North Carolina, where deceased was highly connected and has many relatives and friends.

A Big Fire.

PHILADELPHIA, January 24.—The fire at Eighth and Arch streets last night was under control at about 2 o'clock this morning, after a half dozen firms had been burned out and some fifteen to twenty other establishments seriously damaged by fire and water. The books of the firms who suffer the greatest loss are in the ruins, and it is difficult up to noon to-day to obtain reliable estimates of the losses, and insurances.

The losses, however, will no doubt aggregate upwards of a million dollars.

Persons suffering with asthma, bronchitis, or catarrh, should use "The Standard Carbolic Smoke Ball." Cure guaranteed or money refunded. Office 120 North Eighth street.

See the Little Gem

of a drug store, the Park-Place Pharmacy, Stokes' building, corner Belvidere and Main streets, where you can find claret, cigarettes, tobacco, fine extracts, colognes, toilet soaps, mineral waters of all kinds, hair brushes, tooth brushes, combs, etc., etc. Physicians' prescriptions a specialty. Writing paper, pens, pencils, postage stamps, and postal cards. Don't fail to call.

DIED.

McLAUGHLIN.—Died, at 6:10 a.m., January 24, 1888, at the residence of his parents, 308 Lester street, John Joseph McLaughlin, infant son of Michael and Jane McLaughlin, aged one year, three months and fourteen days.

BAKING POWDERS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in combination with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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For the coming holidays can be easily found in my large selection of

GOLD SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES

COMBINATION GOLD BOOKS AND CHAINS, LOZENGES.

In black, tortoiseshell, etc., all from the very cheapest to the most elaborate, at prices as low as any in the country.

As heretofore, my examination is free, and all other of my superior GLASSES correctly fitted to the eye at a moderate cost; it does not matter how severe the visual defect may appear.

Defective eyesight, whether in children or adults, should not be neglected, and improper glasses, most invariably procured by guesswork, strictly guarded against.

DR. S. GALESKI, Consulting Ophthalmologist, 915 East Main street.

Best artificial eyes on hand and inserted. Telephone-3m

MEATS, &c.

JOHN LINDSEY, JR., Dealer in and 19, FIRST MARKET.

FINE BEEF, MUTTON, &c., &c.

THE BARBER!!

C. A. SCOTT, Fashionable and Experienced BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER, 412 BROAD BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH STS., RICHMOND, VA. Artistic Hair-Cutting a specialty. Particular attention to children. Shampooing of ladies' hair at their residence promptly attended to. 7-30 3 1/2 m

Parlor Pride MANUFACTURING Company.

514 1/2 m. w. East-1m

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